THE LEMON GROVE REVIEW

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Saxophone Interlude

Summer Fiction

Summer is here and it's time to grab a good book or magazine (literary, or course) and get in some serious reading. Chances are you won't find many East County writers on the bestseller lists, and that's where we come in. We asked for short fiction and got about 50 manuscripts from as far away as Kensington and Poway. Most of the writing was outstanding. What most manuscripts *lacked* was a clear sense of story — that classic rise and fall of dramatic action as the protagonist overcomes obstacles to reach a conclusion. We found about 10 jewels and we've got room for five. Here they are.

Deductible

by Dave Gregg

My head throbbed. I had been drinking, not much, but not without determination. The shrill staccato of the telephone ring tweaked my brain.

"What?" "I demanded of the receiver.

"Doby? Is that you? Are you alone?" a voice inquired.

"Yes, Jenkins," I growled. "Alone."

His tone was that of a boss, which he was, but sympathetic enough to read "friend." I wished he were a bottle of spicy V-8.

"Are you sober Doby?"

"No."

"We found Zemo." His voice tightened. He tried to conceal his excitement.

A pause.

"Doby, I said we found Zemo. Don't your have anything to say?"

"Never trust a 12-pack that's been marked down.'

Jenkins sighed deeply. He probably felt like a father catching his kid after curfew and not really caring, but feeling like he should do something. Jenkins never lacked for verbiage and I had been on his "to-do" list for weeks, but he was happy today. They found Zemo. After all these months. It was the best news I'd heard since the inception of the buffet but unlike my superior I wouldn't allow my excitement to surface so easily.

"So?" I countered.

"So!!" he stuttered, emoting enormous waves of rage. While Jenkins constructed a snappy ultimatum I reflected on my line of work-munificent income, months of leisure, and when there was work, not too much of it. Some risk, but you gambled crossing the street. I was good at crossing streets, and I was good at this.

"Do you want the job or not Doby?" Jenkins bluffed.

"No." I lied.

"I'm expressing you the particulars via courier. Zemo is planning number six, I can feel it in each and eery calcium-deprived bone in my body. I don't want to read about number six, Doby. I want to hear good things, and I want to hear them soon!"

He slammed his receiver, a tribute to my hangover. I allowed the phone to tumble through my fingers to floor, aborting any further technological invasions. My head flooded with visions of Zemo.

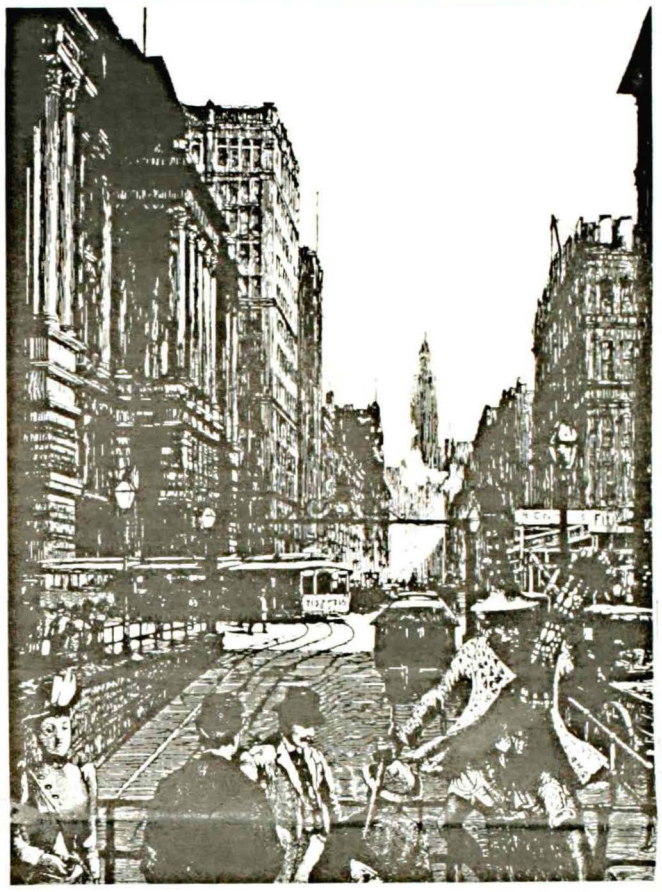
Zemo. A rubber-boned black soul of Jamaica, a refugee from the islands of responsibility, whose gift was an uncanny genius for bouncing off low-cost car bumpers and rolling over expensive hood ornaments. Zemo, last name unknown, could walk into a parked car and be found fifty feet away, shrieking in pain, clamoring for a license plate number. He was a professional accident victim, a modern flimflam man who forged a living scaring dollars out of obscenely rich motorists. In nearly all cases, the "victim" would settle for an assist to the curb and several hundred dollars — a bargain in this day and age. No police, no long embarrassing reports, no ugly motor records, no insurance claims, if you carried a policy in the first place. When the erring motorist, usually an elderly female, failed to be adequately moved by Zemo's assorted litany of moans and groans, he would produce the business card of an equally oily legal sort, who would not only torch the driver of record but their insurance company.

It's a simple fact. Insurance companies don't like to pay. They like to receive mail, they don't like to deliver it.

Hart K. Jenkins is my boss. He works for a big insurance company, with enormous resources and those resources found Zemo, finally know where he's rubbing cheap liniment on those cracked bones, where he's shaving that wonderfully expressive face every day. Zemo has a great face, one of the greatest getting run over on Broadway, on and off.

I received a manila envelope via an anonymous knock at my door in the early morning. I had never seen one of the company's couriers, but then I had never seen my paper boy either, and more often than not I found proof of his existence at the front door of my flat.

Bolstered by a mug of day-old coffee I rent the envelope and dumped the contents on my dining table. There were four papers, a few pictures and a pair of maps. I smiled. It appeared all the great artists were seeking out warmer climates, and Zemo was no exception. San Diego. Virgin territory. No one knew him there, no insurance people, no law enforcement people, no judicial types dressed in funny robes and wearing attitudes. Not a single motorist in San Diego knew Zemo, and Zemo never met a bumper he didn't like.



I drove the Coast Highway from L.A., weaving through acres of traffic into Orange County to San Diego County. I do not like to drive, particularly in Southern California but airline tickets require information and I am not in the business of offering information. I drove a company car with enough gas for both legs of the trip and an extra set of plates in the trunk.

The weather was divine, the ocean a sweet blue, the beaches packed with hundreds of humans exhibiting varying degrees of skin cancer. When I passed San Onofre, the traffic eased and I increased my speed through Camp Pendleton, where you often saw

Continued on Page 4

Blackberry Patch

by June Bohannan Brown

Edith Glover looked out from the security of her back door. It was a long way to the blackberry patch, but the sun was shining, birds singing, and butterflies danced in sunlight. What was life without the enjoyment of a garden?

For security she reached for her cane, then stepped out into the freshness of morning. With determination she started along the path to the garden. Unsteadily she made her way, her small narrow feet struggling for balance on the uneven soil. Her daughter had always joked about her lack of good understanding, referring to the narrowness of her feet.

"Now, you stay indoors, Mother," she had ordered. "We're getting a live-in housekeeper for you soon, but your balance isn't good enough to go into the garden."

Edith felt like a disobedient child. At the same time freedom was delightful. She unlatched the gate of the vegetable garden, and as a matter of habit closed it again behind her, although now she had no chickens to follow her inside and scratch among the little plants.

She noted with joy blossoms on the blackberry vines. Soon the fruit would be showing. There was a time when jars of blackberry jam were proudly displayed along her kitchen drainboard-often a warm, fragrant berry pie.

And new leaves were on the rhubarb! Rhubarb and strawberry pie-nostalgically she remembered. Edith started for the back of the garden. She had planted six of the plants there one year. If only she could work as she had then.

Without a moment of warning she felt herself starting to fall, unbalanced by a small stone beneath her shoe. Fearfully she tried to steady herself with the cane, but landed in a little cotton heap among the oregano. Edith tried to rise, but the weakness of almost 90 years would not allow it. She lay there in perfect confidence that she would find a way.

"I'll crawl to the fence," she decided after a few moments, "then I can hold onto it and pull myself up."

The sound of familiar voices in the house disturbed her more than her dilemma. Hurriedly she tried to crawl to the fence. She must recover herself before the discovery.

More than a scolding, she dreaded being considered unable to care for herself.

"Mother, Mother!"

Edith did not answer. Another minute or two and maybe she could be standing-reliant and calm.

"I'll check outside," she heard Ted, her son-in-law say.

He found her struggling, still on hands and knees.

"Are you all right?" he asked, hurrying to her.

"I stepped on a stone," she tried to say lightly.

"Yes, I'm fine."

In a glance he noted her disheveled white hair and mud on the knees of her hose. Easily he lifted her to her feet-like a child picking up its doll. Placing a strong, protective arm about her, he called, "She's in the garden, Joan!"

Edith's disturbed and frightened daughter ran to them.

"Are you all right?" Joan asked suspiciously.

"I found her working in the garden," Ted explained.

"She was on her hands and knees thinning oregano."

Proudly Edith straightened herself and stood alone.

"The blackberries are blooming," she said. "Soon we can have berry pie."

June Bohannan Brown lives in Spring Valley.

Community Notes

Classes being offered at community college

Grossmont-Cuyamaca Community College is offering classes on nutrition, travel and beginning piano starting this month.

The Community Learning Department will host a nutrition class to be held from 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. beginning this Saturday in Room 220 at Grossmont College, 8800 Grossmont College Dr. The class will meet Saturdays through Aug 15 and from 6:30 to 9:30 p.m. Wednesdays from July 1 to Aug. 19.

Topics will include how vitamins and other supplements, foods, good fats, and fiber can have a positive effect on health. Arthritis, cancer, hypoglycemia, cholesterol, food additives and numerous other topics will be discussed with the focus on how to avoid or reduce risks and improve health. There is no fee, although, preregistration is suggested.

A beginning piano class, **Piano Fun Sampler**, will be held from 9 to 11 a.m. June 27 in room 224 at the college. There is no experience necessary and three songs will be learned in just two hours. The cost is $12 and preregistration is suggested by calling the campus.

Introduction to International Travel will be held from 6:30 to 9:30 p.m. Tuesday and Thursday, and from 9 to 4 p.m. starting June 27 in room 581. The focus of the class will be the special requirements of international travel and the travel agent's responsibilities including booking procedures, passport and visa requirements, foreign currency exchange and tour resources. The cost is $40 and preregistration is suggested.

For registration and information on any of the above classes, call Grossmont College at 660-4350.

Libraries in need of volunteers to teach Internet

The San Diego City and County libraries are seeking Internet volunteers to help adults and children learn how to use the Internet. A training and orientation class will be held from 9 to 11 a.m. Saturday at the El Cajon Branch Library at 201 E. Douglas Ave. The following branches are looking for volunteers: Casa De Oro, El Cajon, Lakeside, La Mesa, San Carlos and Spring Valley. For more information, call Brenna Ring at 579-4454.

Bible summer camp available for school kids

A summer day camp for children sponsored by the First Assembly of God church will begin from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. this Tuesday and continue for eight weeks. The camp will take place at the church, 8809 La Mesa Blvd.

Morning vacation Bible school sessions will consist of crafts, music, recreation and Bible stories. Afternoons will feature excursions, including the Del Mar Fair, Coronado Island, Fiesta Island and an all-day trip to Sea World.

Fees for the camp are $15 for the morning-only program for ages four through kindergarten, $45 for children who have completed grades one through six, and $49 for youth who have completed seventh or eighth grade. For more information or a registration form, call 464-3077.

CCT opens season with 'Cinderella'

Christian Community Theater will present their production of Cinderella at 8:00 p.m. from June 25 through 28, and July 2 through 11. Performances will be at the historic amphitheater at the top of Mt. Helix in La Mesa. Free parking and shuttle service will be provided. Dinner packages are available and refreshments will be served. For ticket prices and other information, please call 588-0206 or 800-696-1929.

Lemon Grove Sheriff's Log

Jan. 30-31, 1998
2700 blk. Crane St. Grand theft. $480 value.
March 9, 1998
6700 blk. Central Ave. Petty theft. $1 value.
March 29, 1998
3600 blk. Casa Bella. Petty theft. $100 value.
March 31, 1998
3600 blk. Casa Bella. Petty theft. $43 value.
May 7-15, 1998
3000 blk. Lemon Grove Ave. Petty theft. $2 value.
May 28-31, 1998
2300 blk. El Prado Ave. Petty theft. $5 value.

WEATHER

The following information was provided by the National Weather Service.

		High	Low
June	8	69	52
June	9	69	59
June	10	72	60
June	11	70	59
June	12	68	56
June	13	75	53
June	14	79	55

Precipitation

June	8	0.05"
June	11	0.02"
June	12	0.03"

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Only publication of an advertisement shall constitute final acceptance.
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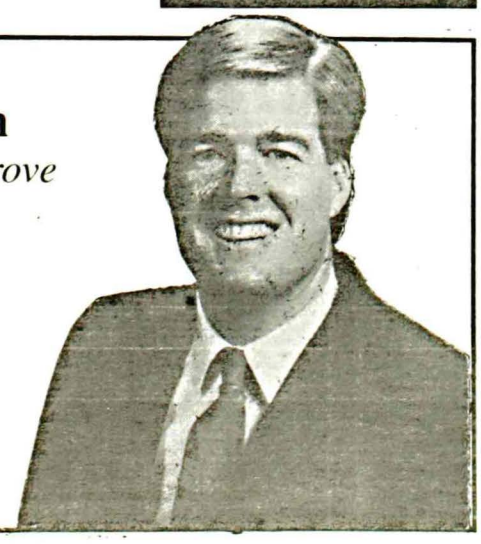

M is for Mayor

Personal comments of Mayor Mary Sessom

'Letter to the Editor' full of false information

It is amazing how people, using false and misleading information will attack me and councilmen Clabby and Jandura. Mr. Boden's letter of June 11, is the latest example but not the worst.

According to Boden, we three elected officials are misusing city funds, specifically those monies from the sales tax generated by Home Depot. We also, foolishly, refinanced the bonds that were used by the redevelopment agency to build Home Depot.

Let me summarize the true situation. The redevelopment agency, run by the City Council, basically bankrupted itself to create the Home Depot project. Why? Because that City Council (not one of the three of us were on Council at that time) had the vision to see the potential sales tax revenues that would be generated for the city's General Fund. Were they right? Absolutely! This city has kept pace with fire, police, recreation and infrastructure needs. The savings account for the city was not touched to balance the budget that was approved on June 11, yet we continue to spend almost $1,000,000 a year on our streets.

Were we irresponsible in February in refinancing the original bonds used for Home Depot? No, unless you consider lowering the interest rate we were paying on the bonds and giving us more cash flow each year to be irresponsible. If you had a house and the mortgage was at 8 percent would you not consider refinancing it at 6 percent? Of course you would.

The refinance would give you more money to spend each year on other things and, if you were keeping the house for a few years and weren't very far into the old mortgage, would be a good financial move. We had the original bonds for Home Depot for only five years and were planning on keeping them, for 30 years. So all we did was add five years onto the bonds we already had, saved the "points and refinancing costs" and immediately increased our spendable cash.

Does this city need its roads repaved? Would our citizens like to see more retail stores, restaurants, a theater and a new library here? The answer to both questions is, "yes." And, the bond refinance gives us the money to do this. Incidentally, Mr. Boden did not come to any of the three meetings where we discussed the bond refinancing. Where, I wonder did he get his information?

Lemon Grove Fire Log

June 2, 1998
100 blk. E. Lexington Ave. Move up.
2500 blk. Washington St. Difficulty breathing.
3600 blk. S. Bonita St. Vehicle vs. residential structure.
2200 blk. Massachusetts Ave. Difficulty breathing.
June 3, 1998
7400 blk. Broadway Ave. Medical aid.
2600 blk. Massachusetts Ave. Traffic accident.
8200 blk. Mt. Vernon St. Fall.
7100 blk. Broadway Ave. Fall.
2200 blk. Massachusetts Ave. Fall.
7800 blk. Lincoln St. Fall.
3200 blk. Vista Ave. Dog bite.
3400 blk. Main St. Fall.
7900 blk. Palm St. Fall.
2700 blk. Citronella Ave. Medical aid.
Dexter Dr./Quarry Rd. Vegetation fire.
June 4, 1998
1300 blk. 69th St. Unresponsive.
2000 blk. Lemon Grove Ave. Fall.
Broadway Ave./Lemon Grove Ave. Vehicle accident.
Massachusetts Ave./Broadway Ave. Vehicle accident.
June 5, 1998
7600 blk. Broadway Ave. Vehicle accident.
Broadway Ave./Ballantyne St. Vehicle fire.
9000 blk. Lemon St. Medical aid.
June 6, 1998
7800 blk. Broadway Ave. Unknown medical.
WB Hwy 94/Lemon Grove Ave. Vehicle accident freeway.
8000 blk. Mazer St. Medical aid.
7200 blk. Broadway Ave. Vehicle accident.
7900 blk. Palm St. Chest pains.
June 7, 1998
7500 blk. Zemco Dr. Gunshot/shooting victim.
7300 blk. Canton Dr. Abdominal pains.
7000 blk. Waite Dr. Vomiting.
3600 blk. Kenwood Dr. Residential structure fire.
8000 blk. Broadway Ave. Person down.
1900 blk. Madera St. Unresponsive.
8100 blk. Broadway Ave. Residential structure fire.
June 8, 1998
3200 blk. Olive St. Cancer patient.
3200 blk. Olive St. Abdominal pains.
3600 blk. Grove St. Difficulty breathing.
7500 blk. San Miguel Ave. Diabetic problem.
7100 blk. West View Pl. Difficulty breathing.
3500 blk. Grove St. Abdominal pains.

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Commentary

We have our own downtowns

by Joe Naiman

I was in Downtown Lakeside on a Saturday night. Not only did the folks there make use of buildings in the historic part of town, but they also kept people from spending the evening in El Cajon.

The Miss Lakeside pageant was taking place at the community center, while the Octad One Playhouse, which set up in the old Lakeside Theater, was putting on a performance of "Children of the Wind." Next door to Octad One was the Golden Goose coffeehouse, where live music filled the night.

Last year, again on a Saturday night, a friend and I were eating on the patio of a restaurant in downtown La Mesa which is now owned by a old high schoolfriend of mine. He remarked how nice the area was.

In those communities, "downtown" has been successfully resurrected. Meanwhile the attempt to revive Downtown San Diego is encountering resistance, not because of doubt that it can be done, but because of the attempt to create a central downtown for the San Diego area.

When Alonzo Horton built that community, there were shops, churches, homes, parks and other elements of a community. Old Town had much of the same structure; New Town was merely another community.

As San Diego grew, other communities sprang up with their own downtowns. I lived in Downtown Mira Mesa for 2 1/2 years, a couple of blocks from Camino Ruiz and Mira Mesa Blvd. Before that, I lived in Downtown Chula Vista, on G Street off of Third. It was nice to be close to facilities.

In nearly every community, there is some portion which can be classified as "downtown". Mission Valley's relevant area is elongated rather than centered at an intersection; Julian's is approximately where Highways 78 and 79 converge; business in Ramona still thrives along Main Street; University City has combined the residences of the outskirts with the community downtown around Genesee and La Jolla Village Drive; Genesee and Balboa could be construed as Clairemont's downtown.

Goods, services and entertainment are plentiful in the centers of those communities, and downtown is a place one can go at night without traffic hassles and public safety fears.

What we call Downtown San Diego, however, no longer fits the mold of a community. It is an attempt to be the center of San Diego County. In so doing, it has made itself vulnerable to closer facilities in other communities.

Downtown San Diego should not necessarily be relegated to San Diego's skid row. Rather it should accept the decentralization of downtown and consider itself another one of San Diego's communities instead of trying to be superior to the rest of San Diego's neighborhoods.

To expect residents of other communities to abandon their own downtown neighborhoods to favor what Alonzo Horton had set up as a community is no more rational than expecting the whole area to abandon the businesses of San Diego and patronize Downtown Los Angeles. Just as San Diego thinks as itself as a separate community from Los Angeles or San Francisco with no attachments, the residents of other communities feel no attachment to Downtown San Diego. It's got its attractions and sometimes the special activities are worth the trip, but it's nothing special.

If those who had been promoting Downtown San Diego had treated it as its own neighborhood rather than trying to shove the whole county in it, perhaps the parking problems and the lack of single-family housing would never have occurred and the community could take care of its own revitalization.

PG Perspectives

by Phillip Giannangeli

Trash is trash

"You're a #$@#@*#!"

"Well, at least I haven't $###$@##@ like you, you @#&#$&!"

"Who the @#$# do you @$#$ think you are?"

I'm still recovering. I tuned into Jerry Springer the other day to see what all the ruckus was about. Unfortunately, for the sake of authentic scientific research and observation, I was only able to watch the show for about five minutes. I was forced, because of an absolutely splitting headache, to change channels.

It wasn't any of the bleeped out X-rated language that started my temples pounding. Those words, easily deciphered from the lip movements of the primates on stage and acceptable to me in the proper environs, aren't a problem. What got to me was the endless beeping sound that was used to block out those offensive words. The beeps were so repeated and frequent it was almost the same sound that trucks make when they are backing up — in this case for about a mile and a half it would seem. For me, the @$$@# bleeping sounds were more offensive than the words they were intended to cover. I know that I got a really @#$%%# headache from all of it.

Anyway, from my brief exposure to Sir Springer and his merry band of misfits, I've come to a couple of conclusions. First, the wrong Jerry retired recently. The Jerry still on the air looks like the kind of guy most people wouldn't pay much attention to in most situations. He'd have to don a clown suit or dance around naked on hot coals — and the hot coals would be an essential — for him to attract much attention. And since full frontal nudity is still not permitted on most TV, bizarre Jerry more than likely wouldn't make it. He simply looks like the kind of man who doesn't, and probably couldn't, command much attention unless he's doing something outrageous.

The second discovery I made— and remember these discoveries were made in under five minutes — was that his guests and the members of his audience as well, don't inspire much respect or attention either. They, like Jerry, appear to be the kind who would drive down property values in any neighborhood — even in ones they might just be traveling through. My uncle used to describe people like them by saying they are the kind of people who make compost smell good.

As I said, I only watched for about five minutes, but I would argue that five minutes in this case does a season make. Perhaps a lifetime. Physically, it was painful to watch this spectacle for the short time necessary for me to be able to comment on it. Mentally, it was exhausting. Emotionally it was ... well, you know.

Garbage Jerry, I think, is a symptom. Some might argue that he's a disease — and it is hard to argue against such an accurate characterization — that needs to be eradicated. I would not fault someone who held that view. To me, though, he's just the '90s version of the old-time freak shows. Those, however, had more class.

Reel Thoughts

If you care about Carrey, don't miss him in new film, 'The Truman Show'

by Betty Jo Tucker

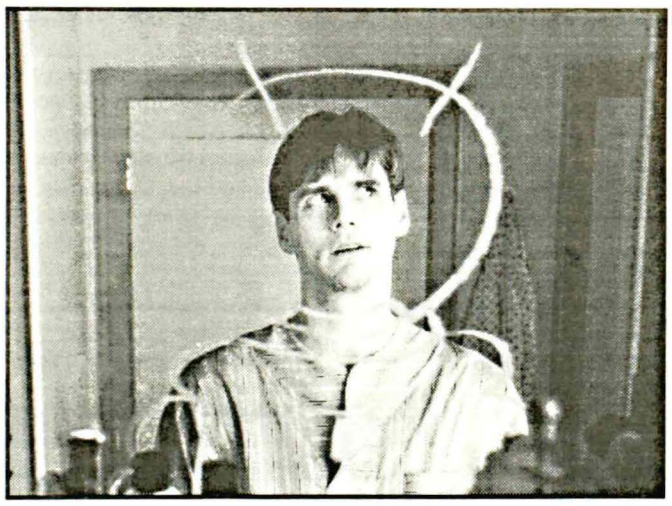
Something unfunny happened to Jim Carrey on his way to a remake of "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." He signed on for the leading dramatic role in an implausible sci-fi morality tale called "The Truman Show."

Fortunately, Carrey shows a remarkable range and depth of emotion as Truman Burbank, a man who discovers his entire life has been a television program.

Carrey must convince the audience of Truman's innocence and vulnerability in the early part of the movie as well as of his suspicions, anger and bravery later on. In each case, he wins viewers over - even those expecting the wildly comic antics of "Ace Ventura."

When this gifted comedian accepted his recent MTV Award for the Best Comic Performance of last year for "Liar, Liar," he thanked his fans by saying, "They have always supported my comedies, but they don't quite know how to take me in drama." Carrey can stop worrying about this now, for practically everyone will accept his dramatic work in "The Truman Show." He takes your breath away.

The same cannot be said about the movie itself. By trying too hard to be profound about the evils of television, it stretches this theme beyond its breaking point. Yes, most Americans probably spend an unhealthy amount of time watching TV.



Jim Carrey stars as Truman Burbank, whose private world becomes prime time material in Paramount Pictures' "the Truman Show."

Yes, when hooked on a series, they sometimes take more interest in the characters than in members of their own families. (Be honest. Just think about your favorite soap opera or "Seinfeld.") But would a corporation be allowed to buy a child and televise his activities for 24 hours a day without his knowledge? And, if the child grew up to be as popular as Truman Burbank, wouldn't his fans rebel at the inhumanity of such treatment? You betcha.

Most critics throughout the country have fallen in love with "The Truman Show." However, other films have dealt with television's commercialism and invasion of privacy more effectively. Albert Brooks' "Real Life" is the best example.

So, other than Carrey's bravura performance, why should you pay your hard-earned money to see "The Truman Show?" Perhaps because its filmmakers have managed to tell a nightmarish story without using obscene language, excessive violence or explicit sex. That should count for something. Nevertheless, even though no one will be offended, anyone expecting a comedy may be very disappointed. But if you care about Carrey don't miss this one.

Letter to the Editor

Nobody does it better

Joe Naiman's satirical article, "Kevin LaChapelle, P.I." [June 4 issue] was hysterically funny. His "junior high school journalism" style and important sounding non-quotes from LaChapelle were a riot.

Even funnier was his paste-up work, substituting LaChapelle's pudgy figure on not one, but two, James Bond film advertisements. (If ever I need someone to protect me from evil, this has gotta be the man!).

So, "James Bond LaChapelle" was paid to go all the way to the Ukraine, huh? Where single-handedly, he prevented black marketeers from grabbing up supplies. Wow, did he fly over there "faster than a speeding bullet?"

It was also amusing of Naiman to note that LaChapelle, a school board member, apparently has always hated anything to do with study. One gets the impression that he barely made it through high school, then flunked or dropped out of Grossmont Community College. Nice touch of irony!

I hope that Joe Naiman keeps writing his riotous profiles. He provides us with a new kind of perspective about some elected folks. Sort of like suddenly seeing our neighbors walking around in their underwear.

ROBERT MERRITT
San Diego

Editor's note: Joe Naiman's profile was not intended to make fun of Mr. LaChapelle. We thought he has an interesting occupation and wanted to do something related to the Grossmont Union High School Board that was non-political. LaChapelle was, however, reluctant to be photographed, thus the Bond spoofs. Glad you liked it!

anybody else?
Send your letter-to-the-editor to:
P.O. Box 127,
Lemon Grove, 91946

Deductible

Continued from Page 1

Marines in full gear chasing each other across the sand in tanks and jeeps. An occasional helicopter flew overhead, it's rotors overwhelming the tranquility.

In Oceanside, I pulled off at a rest stop to look at the map. The map detailed the entire area of Claremont, a suburb of the big city, and each block was marked off by green hi-liter. The other map offered a stirring depiction of downtown Newark, New Jersey. Jenkins always sent two maps, one old, one new, the former my destination the latter designed to confuse a nosy courier or anyone else interested in geography.

The pictures of Zemo were recent. He looked healthy, the best snapshot of him prostrate in a street. His best pose. There was also a name of a motel, it address, and location amid the green avenues and intersections. It was adequate information, usually reliable, but Zemo was predictable. He liked to stay in inexpensive rooms, loved Thai take-out, city parks and Alan Ladd films. I would need a local paper with the movie listings.

After the stop at the rest area, I drove through Oceanside on 5-South towards San Diego directly to his location at the Summitt Motel. The motel was located on the south side of Broad St. in a commercial area cluttered with businesses dancing with chapter twelve. The motel was a mom-and pop variety, a purple slag edifice with two floors and 12 rooms. Father Time had probably rented a room here at one time or the other.

The neon sign hung off the second floor, the word "vacancy" unnecessary and a 'S' and a "T" missing from the name of the place, which was funny because it still read the same. The owner wasn't on fire to get it fixed. Zemo would stay on the first floor. I pulled out of the lot and drove to another motel, three blocks away. It was another structure from the pages of "Better Homes and Pardon."

I shadowed Zemo for three days as he sought his accident. I was reasonably sure he would wait until the end of the week before he worked, since a casual call to the Summit revealed Zemo had paid a week's lodging. Zemo was terribly cheap, and he wouldn't pay for a room he didn't intend to use. He quickly located the local Thai restaurants, and I usually ate there after he did, overdosing on MSG, bemused that this man was worth three hundred thousand dollars yet lived like he was in search of his next nickel.

My background was standard for an insurance investigator. Six years in the Army, three of those as a military policeman. During that stint I torched my marriage and perfected my drinking problem. Five years as a Los Angeles patrolman only refined my unhappiness with the human condition and via a grateful one-nighter, I landed a job as an investigator in the District Attorney's office. I was on a roll.

When queried about my past, this is where I begin for here it begins to unravel. I was broadsided by an explosion of office politics, and I don't bounce as well as Zemo. I ran errands for insurance companies via my connections with the police for rent payments. One thing led to another ... and here I was, stabbing my second bowl of wheat noodles with what I feared were previously used chopsticks.

I had enjoyed success during my stint for Jenkins. I had derailed four of the big players, four very different folks in different parts of the country who had cost my employers bags and bags of money, raised at the expense of the everyday Joe who drove back and forth to work lamenting the high cost of auto insurance. My last case lasted two months, a real pro named Ida Bass, an old gal with hoses for tear ducts. It's tough lowering the boom on a perpetrator who resembles your grandmother, aunt, first grade teacher and pastor's wife. But I finally closed the case. This week I was after Zemo, and the week was over.

There was an old movie house five blocks from the Summit. A pair of Ladd flicks was playing Friday night, "Shane" and "Botany Bay." I checked out of my room at noon and drove around San Diego to see the sights. I wouldn't need to return any sooner than 10 p.m. Zemo wouldn't work this small neighborhood late at night, not enough illumination or witnesses, so he probably planned on a Saturday accident. After a full day of the zoo, pier and shopping centers, I returned and parked across from the Casino Theater.

The theater had enjoyed better days. The marquee's letters hung lazily off the sign. There was no ticket taker in the booth, only two red velvet doors which occasionally opened and released a tired couple or two. Zemo would be the man looking both ways before he crossed the street.

At 10:15 p.m., the doors opened and remained open, an obese white male in a red cummerbund leading a sparse crowd of twenty or so people into the street. Zemo would be the final customer to leave. He sat on the front row and watched the credits. This had been his routine all week, and he had no reason to change his routine.

At 10:27 p.m., a short black male, wearing a Levi jacket and tan cords exited the theater. The doorman nodded and quickly locked the doors to the theater vanishing inside. Zemo walked to the curb.

I watched him in my rearview mirror. The old master would not work tonight. The speed limit was too restricted for this area, hard to hurt some one at 25 miles an hour. Possible, but not likely. Catsup pours at 25 miles a year, a lot slower, but then you could always just hit someone over the head with the bottle.

Zemo crossed the street. He would not be working tonight.

But I would.

I started the engine and slipped into gear, easing my vehicle into the street. No headlights, a quiet U-turn and I faced Zemo. The Jamaican didn't see me. He was whistling. Perhaps he was thinking of Alan Ladd or Jean Arthur or Jack Palance. Or that little kid. Shane, Shane, Shane ... What he wasn't doing was paying attention ... all that MSG.

I was within 30 feet of him before he heard the car. I floored the accelerator, flooding the auto with the odor of fuel. The car leaped into the pavement, catching me off guard. Zemo turned, tried to feign to his left, but slipped. He crawled a yard, realized he wasn't quick enough and began a tuck and roll to the curb. A laser wouldn't have made it to that curb in time. My front wheels struck his head. I braked — the car slipped a foot — then rolled over his upper body. If he screamed, I didn't hear him. I raced the car down the street and made a very controlled right hand turn, glimpsing him in my rear view mirror. Of course I had already planned my return route to L.A. No surprises, no suspense. I would be there in two hours.

Zemo wouldn't be talking to anyone.

Somewhere there would be an ambulance, its siren wailing mournfully. Two hardened attendants would speculate on how badly mangled their next call would be. In this case, very mangled. Another accident victim. Another careless driver.

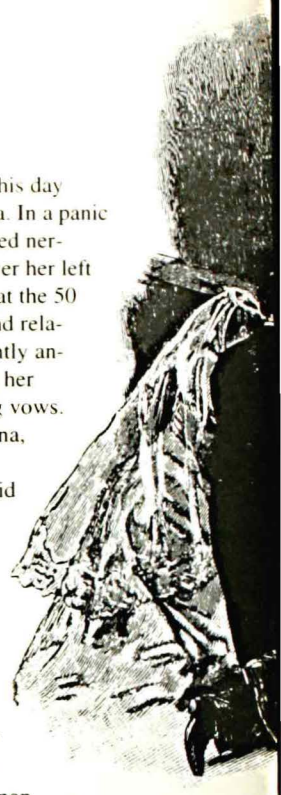
I pulled off at the northbound rest area, checked the car briefly for obvious damage. I chuckled. Should I submit a claim to Jenkins?

I laughed out loud. "Did Zemo have any insurance?"

Dave Gregg lives in Lakeside.

It's Never Too Late

by Kathy Carpenter



"Dearly Beloved, we are gathered here today, in front of God and these witnesses ..."

Sharina Ann Hutchison gazed up at Trevor Howard III standing proud in his snowy white tuxedo. The violets she carried quivered in her hands the seriousness of the moment sank in.

"Darling," Trevor whispered, "Don't fidget."

So like Trevor, she mused, shivering with annoyance. Always worried what everyone would think, even on their wedding day. In the past she'd tolerated his habit of never-ending corrections.

She moved her sea-green gaze back to Reverend Wilson, suddenly the realization hit. Here they were in the middle of the most important day of their lives, and Trevor couldn't let up on his nit-picking long enough to complete the ceremony.

Last-minute jitters struck with a vengeance. Alarm shot through Sharina. Her brother Jace had warned her Trevor only wanted to increase his millions. She argued that Trevor loved her. But did she really love Trevor? She tried to picture all the endearing qualities that had drawn her to him. He was handsome, charming, he loved animals, and she was positive once he had a child of his own he would change the way he felt about kids. And he was charming ...

Perhaps Jace had been right when he had said she only wanted to marry Trevor, because of his stable-secure lifestyle meant protection from the money hunters that preyed on women of her status.

Jace had refused to attend what he deemed a sham of a ceremony, even knowing the importance of this day to Sharina. In a panic she glanced nervously over her left shoulder at the 50 friends and relatives silently anticipating her upcoming vows.

"Sharina, please." Trevor said quietly, gently pinching her wrist. "The reverend is up front."

"... to join this man and this woman in holy matrimony."

True to his words, the nuptials would culminate shortly and Jace wasn't in sight.

The harmonious voice of the reverend interrupted her thoughts, "I have been asked to read a short passage ..."

Too late. How could she call off the ceremony now? Sharina recalled her pain and humiliation on the day Franco Canton left her at the altar. She could never walk out on Trevor, but marriage at this point would be a disaster for them

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both.

"Rina." A masculine voice called from the back of the drawing room. Sharina and Trevor turned quickly in disbelief, a wave of momentary relief flowed through Sharina. "You call this a wedding, Darlin?"

The man strode down the short aisle. "Why the whole town came out for our shindig." He gave Trevor a hearty slap on the back, and let out a low whistle. "Rina, your even prettier than I remember. Which brings me to the reason for comin. Sharina here might be a real nugget, and I hate to break your heart partner, but this little gal is my wife."

Sharina's gaze roamed her rescuer, unaware of the wave of shock rippling through the audience. To them, the slim arrogant stranger in painted on jeans, boots and a black Stetson, might be the big bad wolf, but to her he was a knight in shiny leather.

Trevor's calm hand flicked the stranger's arm from Sharina, and placed his possessively around her. "There must be some mistake."

"No." Sharina managed to whisper. A dream maybe, a nightmare in disguise probably, she had to say something. The oddly familiar stranger moved closer.

"Either your married or your not, which is it?" The coldness of Trevor tone left no doubt to his abhorrence of the current situation.

Trevor hated scenes. Sharina stared into the amused blue eyes of the cowboy. He appeared to enjoy her predicament. Well, right or wrong, this stranger offered her a way out. She scanned the faces of her guest, briefly wondering what they thought. "It's true. I mean ..."

"The divorce didn't go through." He grinned, taking a step toward Sharina the cowboy flicked off Trevor's arm, draping his affectionately in it's place. "Never could find a pen."

A kaleidoscope of emotions flashed in Trevor's eyes, anger being the most prevalent. "Care to explain, Sweetheart," he demanded insinuating his way between the intruder and his financeé.

All attention focused on Sharina. The romantic onlookers sighed, curious to learn the secrets of the mysterious cowboy.

"No wonder I never received my final papers."

Trevor swore softly. "It's true then. You're married." The muscles in Trevor's jaw twitched, but he forced a smile." It seems you two have unfinished business," he said. His voice colder than the ice sculpture created for the reception. "Perhaps, you give me a call when you've worked things out." He made a dignified exit, leaving Sharina behind to clean up the mess.

Surprised to feel relief instead of pain and sorrow, Sharina reluctantly disengaged herself from her hero's arm. She wasn't out of the doghouse yet. She had a lot of explaining to do, and so pray tell did he.

When relatives bombarded them, the cowboy reached down to squeeze her hand. A mischievous grin, spread across his sexy lips. "Shall we face the music?"

"I think we have a few things to discuss first," Sharina whispered.

"Allow me, Darlin," he responded. "Ladies and gentlemen I'm sure you'll want answers my theatrics here today, and they'll be along shortly. However, Sharina needs a few moments to compose herself."

Suddenly a 3-year-old girl appeared and pulled on Sharina's dress. "Sharina, Sharina," she cried happily. "Can we have cake now?"

The cowboy knelt down and took the child's hand gently, in his. "Princess, if you wait a bit longer I'm sure Sharina will let you have the first piece," he said softly, giving Sharina a wink.

Her hero liked children. Sharina smiled to herself, then allowed him to usher her from the room, closing the door behind them. He'd handled the situation like a pro. Then Sharina knew. She'd never loved Trevor at all, and whoever this stranger was, she definitely wanted to know him better.

"Jace and I believe a marriage should begin with love. Don't you?"

"A friend of Jace's. I should have known."

"Allow me to introduce myself, ma'am." He tipped his Stetson. "Keith Holden at your service."

Kathy Carpenter of Lemon Grove has written for the Reader *and is currently working on a contemporary romance novel.*

Mario's Visitor

by Pat Muir

Mario Vinzetti limped painfully from the couch to the window, each step with a shudder throughout his slight 63-year-old frame. He looked out. Yes, his daughter, Julia, was knocking at the door.

He had not looked forward to her visit. Last time — was it already 10 months ago? — she had asked him for money, and he had turned her down. She knew he had a very small retirement income and lived at this residential motel for its convenience and low cost. Yet, she had flounced off in a tantrum. He didn't want to go through that again. It didn't seem to matter to her that he had been ill for 10 years and no doctor could discover what was wrong with him.

He opened the front door and was surprised when his daughter put her arms around him and kissed him on the cheek. They had never been close. She and her younger brother had been brought up with constant animosity towards him after he divorced their mother 20 years ago. He kissed her back and invited her in.

"How's your mother and your brother?" he asked.

Julia responded with a details of the family and Mario listened politely but with little interest. He was too estranged from them and too sick to care about his son and former wife. He opened the can of gourmet coffee he had bought especially for this visit, and started the automatic coffee-maker.

He studied his daughter while she talked. Julia, at 28, was not pretty. She had the worst features of her parents, sallow complexion, stringy and greasy black hair, and short sightedness. She was about his height but chubby and sloppy. Mario thought of the trim firm figure of her mother at that age. Julia wore blue jeans with a hole in one leg and a purple t-shirt bearing a picture of a motorcycle and the words "My True Love" underneath. Her eyeglasses were plain; she wore a pin in her nose and had no make-up. The word "grunge" flashed through his mind as he looked at her.

If she was going to ask him for something, why couldn't she have made herself more presentable. Did she actually go to work dressed like this?

"I guess you want to know why I'm here?"

Mario nodded as he took down coffee cups from the kitchen cabinet. The aroma of the percolating coffee filled the motel apartment.

"I wanted to ask if you and I could live together for a while. You see I'm pregnant and need a place to stay until the baby's born."

Mario was touched. So he was to be a grandfather at last. An opportunity to overcome an estrangement with his only daughter. Somebody to rescue him from his loneliness. Somebody to help him during his bouts of weakness.

His questions came out in a rush. "Where's the baby's father? Are you married to him? When is the baby due? Why do you want to stay with me instead of your mother?"

Julia smiled, obviously pleased with the impact her announcement had made. "Dad, you don't know the father. His name is Chuck Edwards. No, I'm not married to him. The baby's due in 20 weeks from now. As for staying with Mom, that's impossible. Henry won't go for it."

Irritation flashed through Mario at the mention of his wife's second husband. "Why doesn't he want you?"

Julia shrugged. "He disapproves of the crowd I go with. He's terribly old-fashioned."

"What makes you think I'm not old fashioned?" In truth, Mario knew he was old-fashioned. He liked the institution of marriage, not surprising since he had tried it three times, marriages which had each ended in painful divorces.

"Mom is not going to go against Henry. He looks after her well. She has plenty of money, she goes lots of places, she wears nice clothes. She's not going to do anything to spoil all that."

Mario flashed with anger, anger that his former wife could be made obedient by money, money which he never could muster, a matter which she had never forgiven him. The anger passed as quickly as it came. "Why don't you marry Chuck?"

"Dad, Chuck's in jail. Besides, it wouldn't pay me. Social Services pays me $634 each month while I'm pregnant, unmarried and not working. I also get free prenatal care. There's no point in getting married. I need a place to stay until the baby's born and until Chuck gets out."

"Why is Chuck in jail?"

"It was a mistake, Dad. He borrowed someone's car and was pulled over. The police found drugs in the car belonging to the owner of the car, but said the car was stolen and said the drugs were Chuck's. He didn't have a chance."

"Julia, what happened to your job at hospital records?"

"I gave it up. Too much sexual harassment."

Mario sighed as he poured out the coffee. He handed a cup to his daughter noticing the tiny blisters on the finger tips of her right hand. "I don't think I could get along with the crowd you go with either."

"But Dad, you don't know the crowd I go with. How can you possibly say that? Don't you want to help me?"

"Ah, Julia, I do want to help, but living with me isn't going to solve your problems. It'll merely postpone their solution. Please don't tell me lies. I see you're smoking crack. Do you think I'd let you do that living with me? Do you think I'd let you do that to your baby? You think I believe that story about losing your job because of sexual harassment, considering how you look? You lost it because you did drugs. Do you really think I believe Chuck isn't doing drugs also? If you want me to help you, then take my advice. Check yourself into a drug rehab center. You should ask yourself whether you ought to give the baby up to somebody who can afford to raise it decently. In the state you're in, that'll never happen."

Julia got up from the armchair, her coffee undrunk.

"Well, I thought I'd give you a chance," she said and moved to the door. Mario opened the door and gave her his hand. "Stay in touch," he said, knowing it was unlikely.

Mario returned to the kitchen table and sat down painfully. He wondered which one of them had been more selfish as he sipped his coffee. At least, that tasted good.

Pat Muir of Lemon Grove is a frequent winner in the Showcase Writers annual contest.

Saxophone Interlude

by Jean A. Wilson

"I think the party's going well, don't you, Honey?" Beverly spoke directly into her husband's ear in order to be heard above the music. She handed him another tray of canapes and smiled. Tom popped a toast point spread with cream cheese and caviar into his mouth and chewed appreciatively before answering her question.

"Well, if we can keep Roger away from the bar for a while, we may at least avoid last year's fiasco," Tom responded. "God, I hate to see a guy who can't handle his booze." He squeezed Beverly's arm, left the kitchen, and headed back toward the living room.

Beverly winced at the memory of last year's New Year's Eve party. Roger was Tom's boss which was the only reason he had been invited again. Roger had a reputation for being a heavy drinker, but his falling into the table laden with Beverly's good crystal was something she would not soon forgive. She and her friend, Tish, had gossiped about that for weeks!

Speaking of Tish, where the heck was she? Beverly looked at the slim watch on her wrist. 11:00! Tish should have been here an hour ago. Her new man must be late picking her up, or else they were otherwise occupied, Beverly smiled to herself. She grabbed a paper cocktail napkin and wiped her hands before smoothing her fingers across the dark green silk of her dress. She left the kitchen and paused before the hall mirror. Her cheeks colored slightly as her eyes took in the deep Vee neckline, before the silk dropped and narrowed at her waist then fell to snugly cup her bottom. The dress was short ... and expensive. She smiled, the way a woman will do when she is pleased with her reflection.

The seductive voice of a saxophone insinuated itself into her awareness. Kenny G — God, how that took her back! But she wouldn't think about that now. As hostess of this party, she had things to do.

The doorbell chimed a merry tune and somebody answered it. From across the room, Beverly saw Tish enter with her usual flair, her arm tucked possessively inside the crook of a man's elbow. That must be her new man!

Oh my God, it's him! Panic gripped Beverly in its humiliating vise. What could she possibly say to him? Her immediate reaction was to order him out of her house! How dare he come here? How double damn dare he!

Tish had spotted her and in a moment would be dragging him over to meet her. What could she possibly do to save face?

Was it only two and a half years ago that she and Tom had gone to Santa Barbara on vacation? They had chosen a small hotel away from the usual tourist traffic and reveled in the beauty and peace of the area. They had been married 12 years then, and had taken only half a dozen vacations. Most of their lives were devoted to their careers.

On the third day of their vacation, Tom's secretary called to say there was an emergency in the office and Robert expected him

Continued on Back Page

Summer programs to begin at libraries

The San Diego County Library's 1998 Summer Reading Program, and related events,"World Wide Web of Tales," is set to start next week, with most programs concluding by the end of July.

Schedules will vary in content and range from puppet shows, storytimes and crafts to clowns, magic shows and sing-alongs.

The East County communities involved and their opening events will be as follows:

Casa de Oro: Registration will start at 2 p.m. on June 25 with a puppet show at 2:30 p.m. The puppet show, "Anansi and the Moss-covered Rock" will be presented by the San Diego County Library Puppeteers. The Casa de Oro library is located at 9628 Campo Rd., #L in Spring Valley. For further information call 463-3236.

Fletcher Hills: the summer reading program begins on Saturday. The first "World Wide Web of Tales" event, "School Age Storytime," will be presented by Audrey Jones at 2:30 p.m on July 1. The library is located at 576 Garfield Ave. in El Cajon. For further information, call 466-1132.

La Mesa: "Radical Reptiles and Friends" - snakes, turtles, frogs, insects and a boa constrictor - is scheduled for 10:30 a.m. on Tuesday. "Crafts With The Key Club" is scheduled at 3:30 p.m., also on Tuesday, when spiders and other folk tale creatures will be made and used to decorate the library, located at 8055 University Ave. in La Mesa. For further information, call 469-2151.

Lakeside: There will be programs for two different age groups. One for ages 3 - 11, and the other for ages 12 and up. All programs start at 3:30 p.m. and will begin on June 24 with "The World of Whales" for both groups. Programs are co-sponsored by the Friends of the Lakeside Library and will be held at the Lakeside Community Center, 9841 Vine St. in Lakeside. For further information call 443-1811

Lemon Grove: sign ups for the reading program began this week. The "World Wide Web of Tales" events begin on Tuesday at 3 p.m. with "Amazing Darwin" - snakes African tortoises and Madagascan chameleons. Programs are sponsored by Friends of the Lemon Grove Library, located at 8073 Broadway in Lemon Grove. For further information, call 463-9819.

Santee: the reading program begins on Tuesday with the first event at 3:30 p.m. on Wednesday, when participants will "Visit The Spider Patch with Darwin." Programs are sponsored by the Friends of the Santee Branch Library. The library is located at 9225 Carlton Hills Blvd., #17. For further information, call 448-1863.

CCT opens season with 'Cinderella'

Christian Community Theater will present their production of "Cinderella" at 8:00 p.m. from June 25 through 28 and July 2 through 11.

Performances will be at the historic amphitheater on the top of Mt. Helix in La Mesa. Free parking and shuttle service will be provided, dinner packages are available and refreshments will be served. For ticket prices and other information, please call 588-0206 or 800-696-1929.

Worship Directory

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS CATHOLIC CHURCH
8086 BROADWAY
LEMON GROVE, CA 91945
1959 - 1989
PASTOR MSGR. EDWARD BROCKHAUS
Call Rectory for information and Mass Schedule. **466-3209**

LEMON GROVE CONGREGATIONAL UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST
2770 Glebe Road • Lemon Grove
Edward Pettis, Pastor
Sunday Worship & Church School 10:15 a.m.

Lemon Grove Assembly of God
Currently using the
Mount Miguel High School at
1800 Sweetwater Road
Worship Service & Sunday School 10:00 a.m.
Nursery & Child Care provided
Pastor Jim Reed 697-7770

LEMON GROVE LUTHERAN CHURCH
Loving God - Living Christ
Corner Skyline and Alton Drive
John R. Embree, Pastor
Telephone: 465-7301
Worship Services:
Traditional 9 a.m. Contemporary 10:30 a.m.
Sunday School 10:30 a.m.

Lemon Grove Christian Church
5970 San Miguel Ave.
Lemon Grove
(2 Blocks West of Mass.)
Myron Wells
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Worship: Sunday at 9:00 am & 10:40 am • Saturday at 6:00 pm
Church: **465-1888** • Preschool: **465-1887**

PUBLIC NOTICES

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT
Assigned File No 98013040
The Name of the Business
UNKNOWN STUDIOS
located at 2640 69th Street in Lemon Grove 91945 is hereby registered by the following owners

SCOTT R. QUIGGLE
2640 69TH STREET
LEMON GROVE 91945

KIRK M. CHRISTIANSEN
9685 GENESEE AVE., APT B-1
SAN DIEGO, CA 92121

TUAN NGUYEN
8471 WESTMORE RD. 14
SAN DIEGO, CA 92126

ROBERT TRICKEY
This business is conducted by a General Partnership
The transaction of business began on 4/1/98
Signature of Registrant
SCOTT QUIGGLE
This statement was filed with Gregory J. Smith the Recorder/ County Clerk of San Diego County on MAY 15, 1998
Lemon Grove Review
May 28, June 4, 11 & 18, 1998

NOTICE TO BIDDERS

The Grossmont Union High School District will receive bids for purchase of
FULL SERVICE MAINTENANCE OF TOSHIBA COPIERS FOR THE 1998-99 SCHOOL YEAR
Each bid shall be submitted on a form obtained at the Purchasing Department of said District, located at 1100 Murray Drive, El Cajon, CA 92020-5664 (mailing address: P.O. Box 1043, La Mesa, CA 91944-1043); shall be sealed and filed in said Purchasing Department on or before 2:00 p.m. on
July 6, 1998
and will be publicly opened and read aloud at that time and place.
The contract will be awarded to the lowest responsive, responsible bidder meeting specifications. The Grossmont Union High School District reserves the right to reject any or all bids, to accept or reject any one or more items of a bid or to waive any irregularities or informalities in the bids or in the bidding.
No bidder may withdraw his bid for a period of thirty (30) days after the date set for the opening of bids.
In the event of identical bids, the Governing Board may determine by lot which bid shall be accepted per Public Contract Code 20117.
Grossmont Union High School District
Bid #2753

Lemon Grove Review
June 18 & 25, 1998

Notice of Trustee's Sale Loan No. 2122182 T.S. No. 97-62797CA FHA/VA No. You are in default under a Deed Of Trust dated July 3, 1995. Unless you take action to protect your property, it may be sold at a public sale. If you need an explanation of the nature of the proceeding against you, you should contact a lawyer. On June 25, 1998, at 10:00 A.M. Advanta Nominee Services, Inc., as duly appointed trustee under and pursuant to Deed Of Trust recorded 7-20-95, as Inst. no. 1995-0308009, of official records in the office of the county recorder of San Diego County, State of California, executed by Donna J. Mack, a married woman as her sole and separate property as Trustor, will sell at public auction to highest bidder for cash (payable at time of sale in lawful money of the United States) at the front steps of the County Courthouse, 220 West Broadway, San Diego, California all right, title and interest conveyed to and now held by it under said deed of trust in the property situated in said county and state described as: A.P.N. 576-060-19-00 The street address and other common designation, if any, of the real property described above is purported to be: 2159 Berry Street, Lemon Grove, California, 91945. The undersigned trustee disclaims any liability for any incorrectness of the street address and other common designation, if any, shown herein. Said sale will be made, but without covenant or warranty, express or implied, regarding title, possession, or encumbrances, to pay the remaining principal sum of the note(s) secured by said deed of trust with interest thereon, as provided in said note(s), advances, if any, under the terms of said Deed Of Trust, fees, charges and expenses of the trustee and of the trusts created by said Deed Of Trust. The total amount of the unpaid balance of the obligation secured by the property to be sold and reasonable estimated costs, expenses and advances at the time of initial publication of the notice of sale is $77,260.00. The Beneficiary under said Deed Of Trust heretofore executed and delivered to the undersigned a Written Declaration Of Default And Demand For Sale, and a written notice of default and election to sell. The undersigned caused said notice of Default And Election To Sell to be recorded in the county where the real property is located. This is an attempt to collect a debt and any information obtained will be used for that purpose. Date: 26 MAY 98 **Advanta Nominee Services, Inc. Trustee, by Specialized, Inc. as Agent for said Trustee** 4180 Via Real #B Carpinteria, CA 93013 (805) 684-1424 by: I. Weber Trustee Sales Officer #108490 6/4, 6/11, 6/18/98

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT
Assigned File No 98014177
The Name of the Business
99¢ STORE & MORE
located at 1960A 54th Street in San Diego, CA 92105 is hereby registered by the following owner

MOHAMMAD E. LAKHANI
2210 ALTON PLACE
LEMON GROVE, CA 91945

MOHAMMAD E. LAKHANI
2210 ALTON PLACE
LEMON GROVE, CA 91945

HUSAN IDRISS
2217 ALTON PLACE
LEMON GROVE, CA 91945

This business is conducted by a General Partnership
The transaction of business began on 5-28-98
Signature of Registrant
HUSAN D. IDRISS
This statement was filed with Gregory J. Smith the Recorder/ County Clerk of San Diego County on MAY 28, 1998
Lemon Grove Review
June 4, 11, 18 & 25, 1998

CNS1608995

NOTICE OF PETITION TO ADMINISTER ESTATE OF: BEVERLY LORRAINE RISDON CASE NO. P172586

To all heirs, beneficiaries, creditors, contingent creditors, and persons who may otherwise be interested in the will or estate, or both, of: BEVERLY LORRAINE RISDON

A PETITION has been filed by STEVEN RICHARD BENNETT in the Superior Court of California, County of San Diego.

THE PETITION requests that STEVEN RICHARD BENNETT be appointed as personal representative to administer the estate of the decedent.

THE PETITION requests authority to administer the estate under the Independent Administration of Estates Act. (This authority will allow the personal representative to take many actions without obtaining court approval. Before taking certain very important actions, however, the personal representative will be required to give notice to interested persons unless they have waived notice or consented to the proposed action.) The independent administration authority will be granted unless an interested person files an objection to the petition and shows good cause why the court should not grant the authority.

A HEARING on the petition will be held on June 29, 1998 at 1:45 P.M. in Dept. 35 located at 220 West Broadway P.O. Box 2724 San Diego CA 92112.

IF YOU OBJECT TO the granting of the petition, you should appear at the hearing and state your objections or file written objections with the court before the hearing. Your appearance may be in person or by your attorney.

IF YOU ARE A CREDITOR or a contingent creditor of the deceased, you must file your claim with the court and mail a copy to the personal representative appointed by the court within four months from the date of first issuance of letters as provided in section 9100 of the California Probate Code. The time for filing claims will not expire before four months from the hearing date noticed above.

YOU MAY EXAMINE the file kept by the court. If you are a person interested in the estate, you may file with the court a formal Request for Special Notice of the filing of an inventory and appraisal of estate assets or of any petition or account as provided in section 1250 of the California Probate Code. A Request for Special Notice form is available from the court clerk.
Attorney for Petitioner:
Linda C. Schumacher
Attorney at Law
3530 Camino Del Rio N.
#202
San Diego CA 92108
06/11, 06/16, 06/18

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT
Assigned File No 98014802
The Name of the Business
LEGEND EDITIONS
located at 16868 Alondra Dr. in San Diego, CA 92128 is hereby registered by the following owners

LARRY A. MCINTYRE
SAME AS ABOVE

JOYCE K. MCINTYRE
SAME AS ABOVE

This business is conducted by Individuals - Husband and Wife
The transaction of business began on 11-96
Signature of Registrant
JOYCE K. MCINTYRE
This statement was filed with Gregory J. Smith the Recorder/ County Clerk of San Diego County on JUN 04, 1998
Lemon Grove Review
June 11, 18, 25 & July 2, 1998

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE
Trustee Sale No. 176743FMA Loan No. 1-441689-7 Title Order No. 8251058 APN 480-612-24-00
YOU ARE IN DEFAULT UNDER A DEED OF TRUST DATED SEPTEMBER 8, 1992. UNLESS YOU TAKE ACTION TO PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY, IT MAY BE SOLD AT A PUBLIC SALE. IF YOU NEED AN EXPLANATION OF THE NATURE OF THE PROCEEDINGS AGAINST YOU, YOU SHOULD CONTACT A LAWYER. On July 6, 1998 at 10:00am, California Reconveyance Company as the duly appointed Trustee under and pursuant to Deed of Trust Recorded on September 18, 1992, Instrument 1992-0592263, of official records in the Office of the Recorder of San Diego County, California, executed by: Larry P. Willey and Maxine L. Willey, husband and wife, as Trustor, Washington Mutual Bank, F.A., Successor by Corporate Merger to Great Western Bank, A Federal Savings Bank, as Beneficiary, Will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash (payable at time of sale in lawful money of the United States, by cash, a cashier's check drawn by a state or national bank, a check drawn by a state or federal credit union, or a check drawn by a state or federal savings and loan association, savings association, or savings bank specified in section 5102 of the Financial Code and authorized to do business in this state). At: The south entrance to the County Courthouse, 220 West Broadway, San Diego, CA, all right, title and interest conveyed to and now held by it under said Deed of Trust in the property situated in said County, California describing the land therein: As more fully described in the Deed of Trust. The property heretofore described is being sold "as is". The street address and other common designation, if any, of the real property described above is purported to be: 7470 Beryl St, Lemon Grove, CA 91945. The undersigned Trustee disclaims any liability for any incorrectness of the street address and other common designation, if any, shown herein. Said sale will be made, but without covenant or warranty, expressed or implied, regarding title, possession, or encumbrances, to pay the remaining principal sum of the note(s) secured by said Deed of Trust, with interest thereon, as provided in said note(s), advances, if any, under the terms of the Deed of Trust, estimated fees, charges and expenses of the Trustee and of the trusts created by said Deed of Trust, to-wit: $110,173.00 (Estimated) Accrued interest and additional advances, if any, will increase this figure prior to sale. The beneficiary under said Deed of Trust heretofore executed and delivered to the undersigned a written Declaration of Default and Demand for Sale, and a written Notice of Default and Election to Sell. The undersigned caused said Notice of Default and Election to Sell to be recorded in the county where the real property is located and more than three months have elapsed since such recordation. Date: June 5, 1998 California Reconveyance Co. 9451 Corbin Avenue, Mail Stop: N 01 02 01, Northridge, CA 91324 (916) 387-7728 Deborah Brignac, Vice President
Pub: 06/11/98, 06/18/98, 06/25/98
CNS1608945

NOTICE OF PETITION TO ADMINISTER ESTATE OF KATHLEEN GREENWOOD CASE NO. P172611

To all heirs, beneficiaries, creditors, contingent creditors, and persons who may be otherwise interested in the will or estate, or both, of: KATHLEEN GREENWOOD
A PETITION FOR PROBATE has been filed by PATRICIA C. WRAITH in the Superior Court of California, County of SAN DIEGO.
THE PETITION FOR PROBATE requests that PATRICIA C. WRAITH be appointed as personal representative to administer the estate of the decedent.
THE PETITION requests the decedent's WILL and codicils, if any, be admitted to probate. The will and any codicils are available for examination in the file kept by the court.
THE PETITION requests authority to administer the estate under the Independent Administration of Estates Act. (This authority will allow the personal representative to take many actions without obtaining court approval. Before taking certain very important actions, however, the personal representative will be required to give notice to interested persons unless they have waived notice or consented to the proposed action.) The independent administration authority will be granted unless an interested person files an objection to the petition and shows good cause why the court should not grant the authority.
A HEARING on the petition will be held on JULY 13, 1998 at 1:45 p.m. in Dept.: 35, located at: 220 W. BROADWAY, San Diego, CA 92101
IF YOU OBJECT to the granting of the petition, you should appear at the hearing and state your objections or file written objections with the court before the hearing. Your appearance may be in person or by your attorney.
IF YOU ARE A CREDITOR or a contingent creditor of the deceased, you must file your claim with the court and mail a copy to the personal representative appointed by the court within four months from the date of first issuance of letters as provided in Probate Code section 9100. The time for filing claims will not expire before four months from the hearing date noticed above.
YOU MAY EXAMINE the file kept by the court. If you are a person interested in the estate, you may file with the court a Request for Special Notice (form DE-154) of the filing of an inventory and appraisal of estate assets or of any petition or account as provided in Probate Code section 1250. A Request for Special Notice form is available from the court clerk.
Attorney for petitioner
SAXON J. WRAITH
226 Church Avenue
Chula Vista, CA 91910

Lemon Grove Review
June 18, 23 & 25, 1998

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT
Assigned File No 98014419
The Names of the Business
1. HARI IMAGING N VIDEO
2. H.I. PHOTOS
located at: 1032 Beverly St. in San Diego, California 92114 is hereby registered by the following owner

CURTIS LAWSON
1032 BEVERLY ST
SAN DIEGO 92114

This business is conducted by: an Individual
The transaction of business began on: 6-1-98
Signature of Registrant:
CURTIS LAWSON
This statement was filed with Gregory J. Smith the Recorder/ County Clerk of San Diego County on JUN 01, 1998
Lemon Grove Review
June 18, 25, July 2 & 9, 1998

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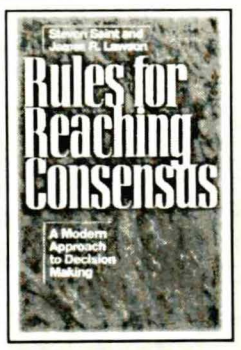

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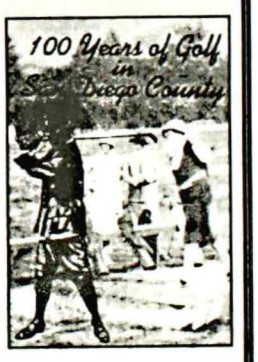

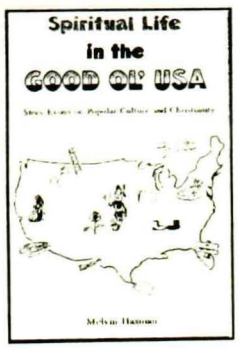

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Saxophone Interlude

Continued from Page 5

to catch the next flight home.

"Why don't you stay, Bev? I'll try to get back in a day or two." Tom threw clothes into a suitcase and snapped it shut.

Beverly pushed him gently aside, opened the suitcase and began folding shirts and pants into neat stacks before replacing them in the suitcase. "Okay, Hon. I'll stay here and wait for you," she sighed. "Call me tonight?"

"Don't I always?"

"Uh huh. Just seems like I come first, all night, but only after your job," she pouted.

That night, Beverly had dinner in the dining room of the hotel. She sat at a small table by the window and ordered a glass of wine. A candle flickered gently as the waiter approached and placed a menu on the table. He stood quietly while she sipped the white wine and read the list of entrees.

"I don't know," she said listlessly. "What do you recommend?"

The waiter paused only a moment before suggesting the salmon. "It's very popular with the guests, ma'am. It's stuffed with crab dressing and covered with a special sauce."

"Fine. Salmon, it is then." She leaned into the high-backed chair and closed her eyes.

A saxophone wailed softly in the background. She recognized Kenny G's artistry creating its own romantic, yet sorrowful, ambience. Beverly sipped more wine. Damn. Tom should be here. She dabbed at her lips with the napkin and reached for the glass again. Another sip. Her food would be here shortly.

She looked around the room. Several couples and a family of five shared the room with her. She guessed it was early yet. She watched the family. The three children all appeared to be preschool age. They were well-behaved for such young children. She wondered, for the thousandth time, if she and Tom had really missed the boat by deciding their careers came first. It would be nice to have a family. She reached for her wine glass and was surprised to see only a tiny drop left in its crystal bowl.

"More wine, ma'am?" The waiter brought her dinner and smiled.

"Yes, thank you." She really hated to dine alone. Maybe she should just ask him to bring the whole bottle! She could get slightly potted and then take a book to bed with her instead of Tom. That music was really getting to her. Music and wine, that is, she corrected herself. She motioned to the waiter. "I believe I will have a small carafe of wine."

When she finished her dinner, she rose unsteadily to her feet. Her face flushed with embarrassment as she realized just how tipsy she really was. How many glasses of wine had she drunk anyway? Four or five, she guessed. Definitely too many.

She left the dining room and cautiously made her way to the elevator. The doors opened as a man hurried to enter. In his haste, he brushed roughly against Beverly, knocking her against the wall as her purse slipped from her hand. "Oh, I'm so sorry," he murmured as he knelt to retrieve her purse.

"No problem."

"Are you sure? You seem a little flushed. What floor are you on? I'll just see you to your room."

"I'm in 307. I mean we're in 307. My husband will be back and then we'll be in 307."

God, she was rambling and probably slurring her words, too. Beverly caught a glimpse of glacier-blue eyes smiling down at her, but he cupped her elbow and led her into the elevator.

They got off on the third floor and walked to Beverly's room. He paused a moment while she unlocked her door. "Well, if you're sure you're all right, then." He smiled again and then walked away.

At breakfast-again in the hotel dining room-they smiled across the three empty tables that separated them. He's very handsome, she thought. Probably married. Me, too, she reminded herself.

That afternoon, Tom called to say it was going to take a little longer than he thought. Would she prefer to come home or wait a few more days? She'd wait.

Maybe she'd take in some sights. Maybe go to a different restaurant for dinner. The food in the hotel dining room was good, though.

"You know we don't even know each other's names." The man with the glacier-blue eyes stopped by her table.

"Beverly," she said. "My name is Beverly and my husband's name is Tom."

"Well, Beverly, I'm Mac and I'm in town for a seminar, but I'd much rather have dinner with you."

"Seminar? What kind of work do you do, Mac?"

"Mainly, I meet interesting people, it seems." He smiled at her. "Actually, I write jacket covers for new books, but the seminars are held every few months and I doubt if I'll even be missed."

And that was how it began. Mac proved a good tourist guide and a fun companion, as well. They shared three meals a day and drinks in the bar every evening. Beverly wasn't sure why she never mentioned Mac when Tom called. She just didn't. It's innocent enough, she told herself. Then one night they went dancing. After that, it wasn't innocent any more.

When Tom called, yet again, to say he probably wasn't going to get back to Santa Barbara at all, Beverly assured him she was having a good vacation, anyway, and might stay until the end of the second week before flying home.

"Sounds good, Bev. I feel guilty enough without spoiling your whole vacation, too," Tom had agreed.

Beverly noticed that Mac didn't wear a wedding ring, but he did admit to her that there was, indeed, a wife at home. By the end of the second week, Beverly and Mac were wildly in love. They spent every day together, and every night they greedily made love in his room.

"Tell me this isn't just the typical vacation romance, Mac."

"Of course not, Beverly. I love you and I need you in my life. I'll tell my wife and then I'll come for you. Wait for me, Darling. Three days at most, then I'll be there."

"And I'll tell Tom as soon as I get home, Mac."

But she didn't tell Tom. The first night home, she almost told him, but then decided to wait for Mac to arrive so they could tell him together.

On the third day, she dressed carefully and prepared to wait for Mac. She shampooed her hair and brushed it until it shone. She changed her clothes three times before noon. Things just seemed to evade her grasp and once she just missed stabbing her thumb when a paring knife slipped through her trembling fingers.

The day wore on and there was no sign of Mac. By evening, she was frantic with worry. What could have happened? Oh, God, she loved him so much. Where was he?

Tom came home for dinner. Outwardly, she remained calm. Although Tom must have surely noticed what a basket case she was, he said nothing.

Every day, Beverly rose from her bed, certain she would hear from Mac that day. She continued to pine for him, to preen for him, and to wait by the telephone.

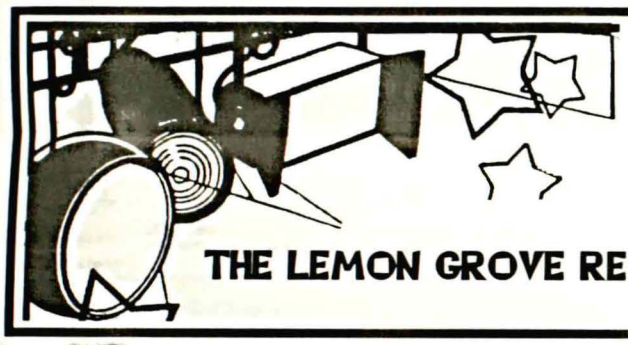
Two weeks, then three weeks, then months passed. Beverly finally realized she had, indeed, been part of a "vacation romance." Mac had no intention of contacting her. Probably every other seminar offered Mac another love affair. Humiliation replaced her concern.

Now, here he was heading straight for her, smiling that self-assured, glacier-eyed smile. So sure of himself. How could she possibly meet him on equal terms. She could toss her drink in his face. Or she could just haul off and belt him a good one. No. Suddenly, she knew exactly what she would do. He was almost in front of her now. He reached out both hands, and said:

"Beverly! How wonderful to see you. You look as beautiful as ever."

She looked at him, blankly, then offered a warm smile and said sweetly: "Oh, have we met?"

Jean A. Wilson, retired from General Dynamics, lives in Kensington.



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